

"Well, Xavier," I exclaimed, when we were alone. "What do you think of our scence? Rather stormy, was it not?"

myself to dare even to thank you feel in a dream. But how did you get it all out? What else did you say?"

"Oh, I had a clue. But then your sister, worrying herself to death at once to her and tell me she can't trouble to order a wedding dress for you. One word more, my sister, to tell her about the bottle of Mouton Rotchouill. I lead to dine with her and you went well."

"It was one of the pleasantest days I can remember. The Rotchouill had been religiously tied. Your sister was smoking opium."

"And now tell us what gave you a clew to the affair?"

"My friend Xavier, you will see, has very simple ideas. He thought that in the course of their lives would be only half the number of crimes committed. You need not be uncomfortable; others have not known I like you."

Your case is divided into two parts. The first, which concerns you, is of childish simplicity. It was a fake. This voice you heard when you tried to marry that girl emanate from spirits. Gaudin should have fallen into such a trap as he did. The second part, the savers in Paris, Brussels and London, they were all members of the same gang. It was Boissier who gave you the addresses of those spirits. A Lementine, warned by Boissier, sent one of her staff to the place to you."

"The second part of your case relating more particularly to the man was more subtle, and I saw some trouble. She felt very much of the affair, and on her own my attention. Her hands were first clev. In a suspicious aspect everything."

"Here was a girl, the daughter of French parents, with a pair of eyes can handle! I have been to the States and have noticed the politics of the hands in that country elsewhere. Her hands haunted me began to fancy they did not belong. And that was my starting point."

"I went to Toulouse; saw M. E. and Madame E., who had seen their niece, and had a profitable talk with them. They showed me the traits of Germaine's parents, the type of the Latin race, and I learned from them that the Bradley farmers who at one time took care of Germaine, also had a little sister. On my return to Paris I communicated by cable with the American authorities, and with admirable news they replied on account of Lily Bradley and her partner dead."

"The conviction then stole upon you that your fiancée was not Germaine but the farmer's child; my duty to test the truth was to organize, and—without play upon words—turn the tables on the man who spiritualism to swindle you. In what happened, Leroy is a scoundrel. His father was a low fellow who taught his son ventriloquism."

"As to that terrible noise you hear it produced by smearing ink blanks with resin and rubbing violently against one another."

Xavier and I had a violent quarrel about the wretched Boissier. The next morning my friend called on me, and told me that this matter was a scandal. How I hate that! How many crimes have been committed because the victims, belonging to higher classes, dressed in white, termed the "scandal." Madame too, came to the rescue, and sorrow, I had to let the fellow go.

For all that, vengeance was Boissier. When he returned he found the man Riviere had broken his trunk, stolen all his money and disappeared.

Two years later I recognized your sister among a lot of vagabonds who had found huddled together shed near the Central market, had become a horrible wreck."

M. E.—and his wife took up Lily Bradley. As they had afterward, the girl had sinners had also been sinned and abandoned befriended her, they would throw her upon the world."

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(Next Week: "The Scissors at the de Prony.")